

A World of Musical Notes

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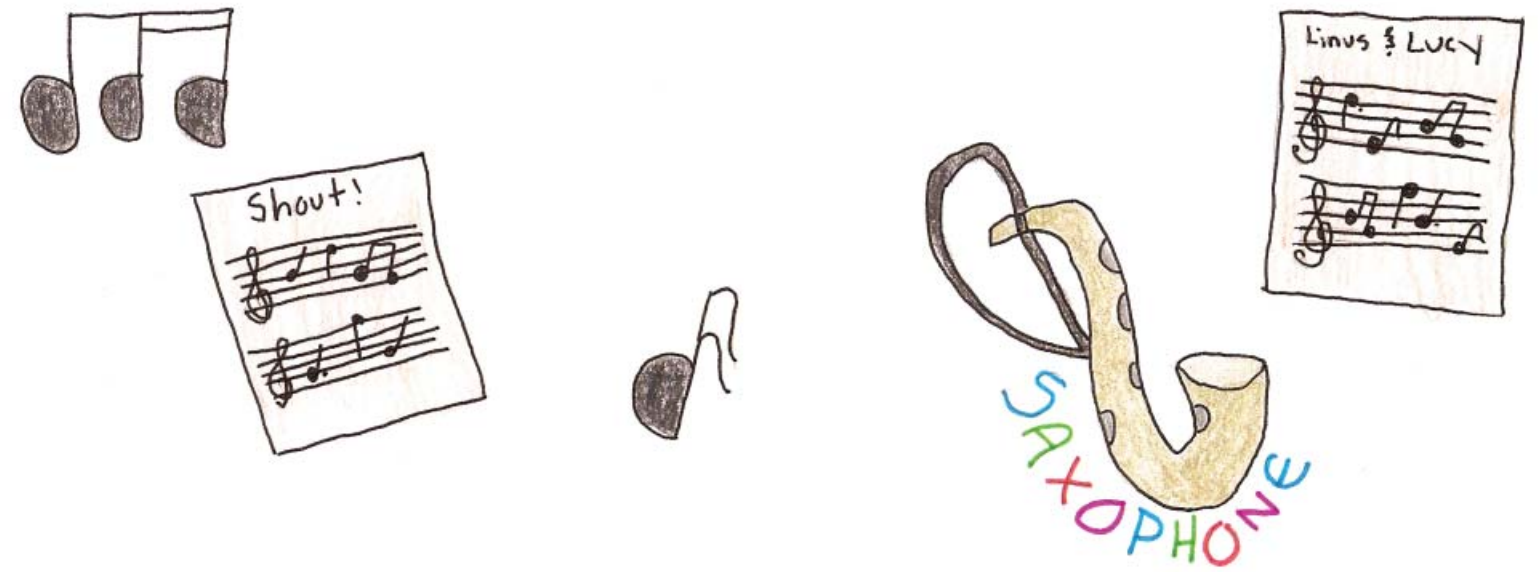
quawk, squeak. What's that sound? No, it's not a duck. It's me. Why do I sound like a duck? Let me tell you.

I was so excited when I started fifth grade. This was the year I had been waiting for! I would finally get to learn how to play an instrument! My whole family plays something. I have cousins who play piano and parents who play woodwinds. I tried several instruments on tryout day and chose the clarinet. My mom plays one, too. I was so excited. When I opened the case for the first time, I could smell the cork grease.

When I picked it up, the wood of the instrument was cool in my hands. The silver keys were as shiny as a prom bracelet.

You might be asking, why do I want to play an instrument when it means I have to practice? Well, every 4th of July, my whole family gets together at my grandma's house in Eureka. Everyone who plays an instrument brings it and we play in the parade.

Every year for as long as I can remember, I've had to sit in the back of the truck and throw candy because I didn't know how to play anything. After this year, I would earn my place on the float. I was growing up. I didn't want to be a baby any more.



When I started playing, the first note I learned was open “G.” It’s really easy, all you have to do is blow air through the horn. I was so excited when I learned enough notes to play, “Mary Had a Little Lamb.”

What a feeling of success!

It was very hard for me, and at first I had to remember not to look down at the keys and not to puff my cheeks. I still forget that sometimes but I’m getting better.

Since then our wonderful band director, Mr. Middleton, has taught me to play many songs such as, *Shout!*, *The 1812 Overture*, and many more. He has really opened my eyes to lots of wonderful music. Thank you, Mr. Middleton. You’re my musical hero.

Now that I have learned many notes on the clarinet, I am looking to the future. I have thought about maybe learning to play the saxophone next. I would really like to join the jazz band in high school, and they don't have a lot of parts for a clarinet. If I practice and get good enough, I could play the saxophone in the jazz band instead.

My mom and dad both play saxophones. Dad plays a really big one and mom plays a middle sized one. I think I would like to play the little one so I don't have to carry around a big case.

For now, I will just be happy learning how to play my clarinet better and better. As I get older I hope to play in many bands and maybe in the city band someday. I know music will always be a part of my life because it makes me feel happy when I play. Who knows? Maybe when I grow up and have kids, they'll feel the joy of music, too, and another generation of music players will be born.

